

The Critic and Good Literature

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Leisure Reading.

THE temptation in these days is to run over too much surface in our reading. Our companions push us into an excess of unprofitable speculation in current news. The breakfast-table and its conversation, society and its special interests, politics and their general demands, force us to search the newspapers too minutely, and thus cut away a quarter section of each day's leisure. When a year has gone by and a man looks back over the interests he has tried to keep up to feed the morning conversation at the boarding-house table, or to pass the evening examination creditably at the club on current gossip, he finds that three fourths of his quarter section have added nothing to his stock of knowledge. He has yielded his leisure to the froth of discussion without creating a capital for any worthy purpose in life; and this time he has given to a daily effort to seem intelligent. 'Have you read Vennor's last prediction?' says my friend. 'No,' I admit; and I inwardly resolve that the question shall not find me ignorant another day. Morning after morning thereafter I am on the lookout for Vennor; but what shall it profit a man though he know all that Vennor knows and have lost his own soul?

Another quarter section of one's leisure is given to reading which has no other purpose than to discover what *not* to read. My friend the book-purveyor—whether he be the publisher, or the author, or the friend of the author—is responsible for this. Sometimes he is mercenary, sometimes he is an enthusiast; but in all cases he is without mercy. I do not always personally know him, but my favorite newspaper does, or my bosom companion does, and I must read his prospectus, and the review of his book, and what the agent says about it, and then at last the preface, if not more. Lucky am I, if I can escape so easily. One who is unwilling to lose the good in current authorship gives more days to protecting his book-shelves from unworthy matter than to filling them with good stock. I hate to miss a fine thing, particularly when my friend has said it; but if I could get back the hours misspent in winnowing chaff from wheat which the book-agent wickedly assured me I should find concealed in his heap of rubbish, I could carry out the dream of my youth and read the whole Greek literature in the original. And again, if I could recover the hours idly given to the newspaper, not for my own gratification, but solely for my neighbor at the breakfast-table, I could compass a solid course of English and American history, get at the antecedents of political parties in the two countries, and give the reasons for the existence of Gladstone and Parnell, of Blaine and Edmunds, in modern politics—and there is undoubtedly a reason for them all. Two columns a day in the newspapers, which I could easily have spared, for they were given mainly to murder-trials and the search for corpses, or to the romance of the reporter concerning the same, have during the last ten years absorbed just about the time I might have spent in reading a very respectable course in history—one embracing, say, Curtius and Grote for Greece, Mommsen Merivale and Gibbon for Rome, Hume, Macaulay and

Green for my own roots in Saxondom, Bancroft, Hildreth and Palfrey for the ancestral tree in America, together with a very notable excursion into Spain and Holland with Motley and Prescott—a course which I consider very desirable, and one which should set up a man of middle age very fairly in historical knowledge. I am sure I could have saved this amount out of any ten years of my newspaper reading alone, without cutting off any portion of that really valuable contribution for which the daily paper is to be honored, and which would be needed to make me an intelligent man in the history of my own times. So much I could do with the one quarter section in the way of laying a solid foundation for a fair discussion of the merits of the Chicago Convention considered in the light of history. Hard fact is of great value in practical life. It sets the carpenter's saw, it whets the butcher's knife, it ballasts the fisherman's boat, it straightens the plowman's furrow. In the old days of the New England Lyceum, they laid in a good deal of that sort of ballast. There were long evenings, then, and short newspaper columns, small libraries and very nutritious reading in the dark corners. No doubt the Western pioneer who had read Hume and Hallam in his New England home struck as true a blow in the forests of Ohio as the man who could tell the number of rounds fought by Heenan and Sayre in their last encounter in pugilistic row. And yet I welcome the daily paper, and never fail to find in a corner of it something I would not do without.

As for the book-agent and all the apparatus devised in this cunning age for persuading me that his chaff is wheat, I have never counted the days spent in discovering the inutility of his occupation, but if I could recover the time allotted to that part of his trade which eventually proved worse than useless to me, because it dissipated my energies, and lowered my standard of taste, and deflected my judgment—gave me falsehood, in short, for truth,—I should have saved more than hours enough to read thoroughly, twice if need be, or even more, certain books which are to me as much works of fact as are the wisest histories—books which are called works of the imagination, but which are in my judgment statements of the inner facts of life, facts not always accomplished, but ready to be accomplished in the more perfect time to come. They have been developed in prose and verse by the supreme men of the generations—the poets, romancers, men of ideas. They do not seem always to have a practical bearing in this practical age—do not set the saws of the carpenter; but they certainly give the carpenter a cheerful tune to whistle while he works, and make him forget how his arm aches. They do not put potatoes upon the farmer's table, but they turn the actual potatoes into fruit of Paradise. When these books of the ideal fact are well selected and well read, they give a small man—and we are all small at first—an inside view of a great heart or a fertile mind; they develop a small and feeble emotion into a strong and victorious one. I like to count over the names of these masters in imaginative work, such as I fancy my boys will read in their long evenings, and such as I foolishly fancy I may again renew acquaintance with in my old age when I have fenced off the book-makers of today and won a few golden autumns of leisure. They shall include Chaucer, though for the boys I would not begin thus. Chaucer is the end of an English course rather than the beginning. Spenser shall be there, but only to be read in selections—a few cantos of 'The Faërie Queen,' the 'Prothalamion' and 'Epithalamion,' and homely 'Colin Clout' again and again; sections only of Ben Jonson. Of Marlowe, Beaumont and Fletcher, Massinger and the rest. The scholar may go deeper; but he who reads for the best will find them all bettered in Shakspeare. Andrew Marvell shall do for rich wit and much beauty of verse; George Herbert to saturation, for religious sentiment and quaint poetical feeling worth all the hymn-books ever compiled; Milton for grandeur of imagination, wealth of poetry, and subtlety in logic. And this last would take up just about as

much time as I waste every year on Congressional speeches addressed, like those of the hero in 'Paradise Lost,' to the pit. Of other early and later English poetry, I could get into the hours now devoted to local newspaper gossip of the sort not necessary, I find, to my happiness, as much as I wanted through such collections as Dana's, Bryant's, Ward's, Emerson's 'Parnassus,' or that most exquisite of all quintessences, 'The Golden Treasury' of Francis Turner Palgrave. These collections should fill the many chinks of my leisure to the bettering of my taste and the cultivation of my judgment. I think I should wish to read them aloud, selecting my times and my audience, and using great care not to overstep the bounds of moderation. A very little good verse will send the housewife to peaceful dreams; and peace and sweet dreams should be the end and aim of the reading. The modern poets have, better than the older, studied the powers of the average listener for sustained attention. Thus, while I should not expect Goldsmith to weary the good housewife, I should avoid Pope, Dryden and Samuel Johnson; but Keats, Shelley and Coleridge should come often, though with caution, into my readings. Burns should be my stand-by of a winter night; Wordsworth should have all the time now allotted in my daily reading to elopements and divorce-trials; Tennyson and Longfellow should be brought into miscellaneous company; Emerson kept for private moments with a fine and sweet thinker; Arnold carried to the seashore in summer time and read to the young. From all this pursuit of the better sentiments, no demands of science should draw me, much as I like to base my living on facts. Science in its search for strong buttresses is too apt to forget the beautiful decorations of the house of life. I am quite willing to spend a part of my day in collecting statistics on pauperism, if I may be permitted as a compensation to listen, through the poets, to the echo of my own nobler thoughts. Life is but a dull treadmill without these twilight compensations.

There are times between labor and play, between napping and waking, that belong to the romancer. Thus, in my day of leisure, or of leisure moments, I shall take up again my Scott and Thackeray, and live a new life, not necessarily measurable by line and plummet, but quite as effective on the conditions of happiness as any relations that can be gauged by the eye and hand. The work of the novelist is not history exactly, but it should run a close parallel with it; and in all novels worth reading we may find what our neighbor is thinking, or what our ancestors actually thought. As I am interested in both these directions, I shall steal a part of each summer afternoon from nap-time, or from the religious weekly, for Scott, Thackeray, Dickens and George Eliot, for Hawthorne and Mrs. Stowe; or I shall go back to Smollett, Fielding and Richardson, and, by such facts as I can get through my own limited experience, test what these great observers pictured.

But, after all, these books which I have mentioned need take up none but the odd moments. They may be read, every one, in the hours wasted in a young man's life, or in the hours which an elderly man devotes to reverie. No important thing in the daily paper or the scientific or religious journal need be sacrificed. A man's work comes first, his rest next; his recreation still has its hours, and it depends very much on himself whether he shall so spend these last as to re-create himself in the true sense, or to dissipate himself.

If my friend of the breakfast-table, or he of the book agency, will let me, I shall begin a new life to-morrow.

JAMES HERBERT MORSE.

Reviews

"Six Centuries of Work and Wages."*

We have in this volume a remarkable example of historical investigation. The author has diligently searched the

archives of colleges, the records of cities, and the government accumulations of documents, until he has been able to write a complete history of work and wages in England since the beginning of the Thirteenth Century. His diligence has spared no effort, and it has been rewarded with the most fruitful results. For the student of political economy his work offers the most invaluable examples and illustrations, based on authentic history. For the student of English history he presents aids not to be found elsewhere concerning the life of the people, their habits and manner of living. He has not re-worked old materials to sustain his own theories, but he has given us an original study of first-hand sources of information. It is such a work as invariably does credit to those who undertake it, adding new significance, at the same time, to the history of a nation.

At the present time nothing can be more significant than the history of how English labor has been discouraged and degraded by unwise legislation, the exactions of the upper classes, the keeping of the people from the owning of land, and the debasement of money. It is a sad and terrible history, full of admonitions, and capable of settling forever more than one condition of sound legislation, if legislators were wise. The author does not indulge in much theorizing; he presents no scheme for revolutionizing the condition of labor; but he gives those facts of actual experience which are the best arguments for change, and the best indications of the direction in which change ought to take place. He shows that English labor was in a prosperous condition four centuries ago, how the laborer was brought down to the condition of a serf, and how he has been slowly recovering his position during the present century, though he has not yet come back to the position he once held. The lessons of these centuries are worth far more than all the speculations of Henry George, which have no basis in historic fact. Very briefly Mr. Rogers replies to Mr. George, showing that the government control of land would work greater evils than those which now exist. At the same time, he is no apologist for the present order of things, and he does not hesitate to charge against the upper classes the evils which lie at their doors. His sympathies are on the side of the working-classes, and he writes as a zealous advocate of their cause. He says the employers have resisted up to the present day every demand which workmen have made for the right of association, for the limitation of children's and women's labor, for the shortening of hours, for the abolition of truck, for the protection of their workmen's lives and limbs from preventable accidents, and are now appealing to the doctrine of liberty of contract after having for centuries denied the liberty. 'There is nothing in the history of civilization more odious than the meanness of some English landlords, except it be their insolence.' Such plain speaking appears here and there in these pages, but it does not intrude itself in any large degree. The tone of the author is almost invariably calm and just, such as becomes the true historian. He points out few remedies, not being a dealer in nostrums. His history teaches more than any theoretical cure can possibly accomplish. His chief demand is for the right of laborers to combine and protect their own interests. He takes the ground that the remedy must come from the laborer himself, the other classes and legislation only giving him an opportunity to act without unnecessary restraint. Hitherto legislation has been almost wholly on the side of the upper classes, and the laborer has not been able to compete openly in the market for the sale of his labor. When these restrictions and this injustice are removed, and the laborer is given an opportunity to combine for the benefit of his class, organizing labor to secure the best market, the main remedy needed will have been secured.

Though English labor has been so degraded, the author shows that it has always been in a better condition than the labor of other European countries. Concerning the present condition he says: 'At present I believe that the workmen of this country [England], speaking of them in the mass, are

* Six Centuries of Work and Wages. The History of English Labor. By James E. Thorold Rogers, M. P. \$3. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

better paid than those of any other settled and fully peopled community, if one takes into account not merely the money-wages which they earn, but the power which these wages have over commodities. He looks with hope on the problem of labor, having little sympathy with the alarmists. Strongly as his sympathies are enlisted on the side of the laborer he makes no unjust demands. His suggestions are practicable and his remedies feasible.

"From Grave to Gay."*

A TINY *libellus* that might have dropped out of a harebell or slipped from the pod of a sweet-pea is that of the poet of the unpronounceable name—the 'From Grave to Gay' of Mr. H. Cholmondeley-Pennell. The paper is like fine cloth scribbled all over with delicate Kensington work in the shape of verses upright and verses zigzag and verses meandering, and tall columns of verse that stare you in the face like astonished guardsmen. A *simpatico librettino*, we should say, etched rather than written, so vivid are the lines and the outlines which it conjures into existence. Mr. Pennell (we will not attempt the full orthographical ordeal again!) has found the lost Hylas—or the lost Pleiad—or whatever it was that was lost—of grace and daintiness that hung about the songs of Herrick and the older song-writers, full of the dew of Modern Babylon, it may be, but full too of the form and joyousness and music of the student-song, the madrigal, and the *aubade*. He is infinitely saucy, moreover, and comes before us as the delightful laureate of 'Little Bo-Peep,' of 'A Case of Spoons,' of 'Ghosts,' of 'The Bloated Biggabom,' and of 'Naughty Two-Shoes.' It is spun-glass that has caught a spider in it; and the spider—the *spirito mordace*—wound and tangled all over in shining threads, darts his little lambent sting at us, shoots fire out of his beaded eyes, and is as beautiful and harmless as you please.

There is no phase of modern life or society or sentiment that Mr. Pennell does not illustrate with his Du-Maurier-like verse, which trips like Cinderella, and peeps out from between the leaves with astonishing alertness. He is the master of bright, arch, colloquial verse; he knows how to use an *ah!* as effectively as Whitfield; and his slang—his 'Yes, it's awfully nice, and all that sort of thing'—is felicitous and—perennial. When he writes of 'Little Fe-Fi' or of 'Big Fo-Fum' he shows himself an artist in transcendental Chinese. 'Someone's Forget-me-nots' bloom again in a *pot-pourri* of half-humorous, half-tender verse. Even 'The Night-Mail North' is dashed off in lines swift as the train itself. Mr. Pennell on his 'Pegasus thrice-saddled' is an intrepid horseman, and attempts almost impossible feats in rhyme. One may ride up St. Peter's, but he rides up a steeple! The quotability of his offspring is but one of their excellences: the only trouble is what to quote. To be sure, these children of gay, glad hours will never run their heads against the stars,—in Horatian parlance (improved for the occasion) *sublimi ferire sidera vertice*; but they will be very dear to lonely old bachelors, wistful maids, and lovers of the 'muse of Mayfair.' 'Little Bo-Peep' is as quotable as anything in the book. She is not exactly one of the long-drawn maidens of Burne Jones, with ethereal skirts and up-turned lashes; but you might paint her on your fan, or allure her within the azure horizon of a plaque for the wall:

'Little Bo-Peep has lost her sheep,
And some one or other's lost little Bo-Peep—
Or she'd never be wand'ring at twelve o'clock
With a golden crook, and a velvet frock,
In a diamond necklace, in such a rout,—
In diamond buckles and high-heel'd shoes
(And a dainty wee foot in them too, if you choose,
And an ankle a sculptor might rave about. . . .)
But I think she's a little witch, you know,
With her broomstick crook and her high-heel'd shoe

* From Grave to Gay. By H. Cholmondeley Pennell. \$2. New York: George J. Coombes.

And the mischievous fun that flashes thro'
The wealths of her amber hair—don't you?
No wonder the flock follows little Bo-Peep,—
Such a shepherd would turn all the world into sheep,
To trot at her heels and look up in the face
Of their pastor for—goodness knows what, say for grace?
Her face that recalls in its reds and its blues,
And its setting of gold, 'Esmeralda' by Greuze. . . .
There you've Little Bo-Peep, dress, diamonds, and all,
As I met her last night at the Fancy Ball.

"Kadesh-Barnea."*

TO QUOTE Dr. Trumbull's words, Kadesh-Barnea was 'the objective point of the Israelites in their movement from Sinai to the Promised Land. It is the place of their testing, of their failure, of their judging, and of their dispersion. It is their rallying centre for the forty years of their wandering, and the place of their re-assembling for their final move into the land of their longings.' No wonder, then, that the identification of this site has always been a favorite problem with Biblical scholars. The solution of the problem has been shrouded in obscurity, owing to the peculiar conditions under which a journey in the territory of the nomads of the desert must be made. The traveller in these regions is passed on from the jurisdiction of one tribe of Bedaween to that of the next; and as Kadesh lies in the land of a tribe that is at enmity with those with which the stranger usually has to do, his guides will neither take him to it nor give him information regarding it. Again, the Arabs have a mysterious dread, handed down, doubtless, from the days of the Crusaders, of a Christian expedition to conquer their country, and they are therefore unwilling to give to Christians topographical information which may be used against them. Moreover, an Arab will lie for the mere pleasure of lying. It is not strange, therefore, that the famous natural mountain stronghold—the lovely green oasis surrounded by frowning limestone cliffs, with the fountain of Moses still gushing in copious flood from a beetling rock in its midst—should have remained untroubled by the foot of a Western scholar from the time that the Rev. John Rowlands stumbled upon it in 1842 or 1843, until Dr. Trumbull re-discovered it in 1881—a well merited reward for his careful study and his ability in dealing with the wily sons of Ishmael. Rowland's identification of Kadesh was accepted at once by eminent German scholars; but in England and America it had, until the publication of Dr. Trumbull's book, passed almost unnoticed owing to the erroneous identification proposed by an authority of established reputation—Dr. Edward Robinson. Since Dr. Trumbull's patient and thorough investigation of the question in all its bearings, the dispute may be considered as set at rest forever.

'Kadesh-Barnea' is a thoroughly scholarly piece of work. Objections are clearly and fairly stated, and satisfactorily refuted. The illustrations (some in phototype) are good, the maps excellent, and the five copious indexes beyond all praise. The book is withal very pleasantly written, as might be expected from the pen of a writer so practised; and the freshness and life of Dr. Trumbull's account of his journey in the desert and of the customs and personal characteristics of the Bedaween will commend his work to many for whom a study of Biblical topography alone would have but little interest.

"Folk-Lore of Shakspeare."†

REVIEWERS are apt to look with small charity on books which can hardly come under the head of entertaining, and whose province is indeed chiefly that of reference. But the good quality of plodding is an element in all excellent work, and if there be little more than plodding necessary to the confection of a 'Folk-Lore of Shakspeare,' the fault lies with the subject rather than the writer, who cannot allow

* Kadesh-Barnea: Its Importance and Probable Site, with the Story of a Hunt for It. By H. Clay Trumbull, D.D. \$5. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

† Folk-Lore of Shakspeare. By the Rev. T. F. Thistleton Dyer. \$2.50. New York: Harper & Brothers.

himself more than a meagre margin to be interesting in. The volume is something more than one additional in the huge library of Shakspeareana; it will serve a purpose to a limited class of readers, or rather searchers, for one cannot readily imagine for it a reader in the ordinary sense—548 pages of a genial Shakspearean cyclopædia! Mr. Dyer's system is to take for each caption a general subject, like Fairies, Witches, Ghosts, Marriage, Dances, Proverbs, etc., and treat of the sub-subjects (printed in italics at the heads of paragraphs) in alphabetical order. His wide reading and the labor spent on his 'British Popular Customs' make him very fit for suggesting the origin of queer customs and queer words met with on every page of Shakspeare. While he cannot be said to prove himself a master, he is a diligent student of works already known to Shakspearean scholars, and often adds a happy derivation or suggestion of his own. He is on his strongest ground in the first chapters, which deal with demonology and witchcraft. Necessarily some very slender arguments for certain customs are repeated, as, for example, Brand's suggestion that the throwing down of the gauntlet 'as the signal of a challenge may have been derived from the circumstance of its being the cover of the hand, and therefore put for the hand itself. *To shake hands upon it* would not be very delicate in an agreement to fight, and therefore gloves may possibly have been deputed as substitutes.' A far-fetched idea indeed! The index is of particular importance in a book of this kind, but it is not as carefully prepared as it should be. For example, the word Wren has a reference only to page 166, though on page 501 the wren is mentioned as a bird hunted on St. Stephen's Day in the Isle of Man. The origin of this curious custom is an old legend that a mermaid who bewitched all the men and was in the habit of luring them to watery graves escaped from destruction by taking the shape of a wren, upon being exorcised by a knight-errant. The connection between this old Manx legend and that of the Loreley on the Rhine is not mentioned.

"Day-Dawn in Dark Places."*

THIS is the most interesting book of the kind we have seen lately. It is an account of mission work in the interior of Southern Africa, so entirely free from religious cant, so frank in its statements of discouraging results, as to strengthen our faith in what the author does pronounce encouraging, and to make his manly and earnest appeal at the close for a continuance of the work touch the heart more deeply. There is very little in the book of theology or dogma, or, it might almost be said, of missionary work at all; it is a vivid, interesting, impartial description of life in Africa with all its vicissitudes, full of amusing and pathetic anecdote, illustrated by pictures that really do illustrate, and emphatically showing malice toward none and charity for all. Missionaries are not apt to be humorous in their accounts of their labors, but Mr. Mackenzie has not injured his cause by dwelling with enjoyment on the little fellow to whom he said that he hoped he had not forgotten his cattle and gone hunting with the dog, to be met with the reply, 'O no! the dog had gone of his own accord!' Nor does he hesitate to put on record the keen reply of a chief to whom he appealed for guides: 'Why do you ask me for guides in your own country? Did not J—V—and the Boers who were here a few days ago tell me that all this land belonged to the white men, and that they would shortly come and occupy it? Why, then, do you ask for guides in what seems to be your own country?' In spite of Mr. Mackenzie's unflinching faith in the work which he has often found disheartening, we cannot help dwelling upon the verdict of another missionary from whose report to the Society Mr. Mackenzie quotes: 'If suffering in mission work is doing anything, then I have done something; if not, then I have done but little.'

* Day-Dawn in Dark Places. By the Rev. John Mackenzie. New York: Cassell & Co., Limited.

Mind in Animals.*

THE work on 'Animal Intelligence' which Dr. Romanes published several years ago attracted much attention, and was regarded as a valuable contribution to the defence of evolution. It was essentially a book of facts arranged in systematic order, and all contributing toward an understanding of animal intelligence. In the present work Dr. Romanes goes over much the same ground, but with the more philosophical purpose of showing the order of mental evolution in animals, and of developing an animal psychology. A third volume will continue these studies into the region of mental evolution in man. The work now under consideration is one of great value, not only for the vast array of facts which it contains, but also for its truly scientific discussion of the principles underlying them. The author has something of Darwin's love of exact observation, and caution in the presentation of theories. There is little of dogmatism in his book, and an evident anxiety is constantly displayed lest the truth be over-stepped. This spirit may have been caught from Darwin himself, for the author has had the closest relations with that great observer. All Darwin's manuscripts relating to psychological subjects were given to Dr. Romanes, who frequently quotes from them in the present volume.

Dr. Romanes believes the mind has a physical basis, but he is not a materialist in any degree. Such careful statements as this show his attitude: 'I speak of a mental change as the analogue of a muscular contraction only with reference to its being the terminal event invariably associated (whether by way of causality or not) with the activity of a nervous structure. And if we do not seek to press the analogy further than this, there is no fear of our confusing ideas which ought always to be kept fundamentally distinct.' Some of the author's other definitions are remarkably suggestive, as when he defines the physiological aspect of choice to be the power of discriminating between stimuli, irrespective of their relative mechanical intensities. This power of selective discrimination he regards as the root-principle of mind. Again, he says that 'the distinctive element of mind is consciousness, the test of consciousness is the presence of choice, and the evidence of choice is the antecedent uncertainty of adjustive action between two or more alternatives.'

It is certain that Dr. Romanes has made a very suggestive addition to the literature of evolution, and one that is in every way a model to those who may follow after him. His investigation of the nature of instinct is perhaps the best and most thorough which has ever been made, and it indicates the finest capacity for observation and for a philosophical use of the results secured. The essay on the same subject, by Darwin, published as an appendix to this volume, was written for 'The Origin of Species,' and suppressed for the sake of condensation. It will now be read with much interest and satisfaction by his admirers and students.

The English edition of this work contains an elaborate diagram arranged for the purpose of presenting to the eye the probable history of mental evolution. It shows when the various faculties appeared, the order of their succession, and the animals first giving indication of them. Constant reference is made to this diagram throughout the work and the fifth chapter is entirely devoted to its explanation. It is quite impossible to understand many suggestions made by the author without reference to it. Yet the American publishers have omitted it entirely.

Recent Fiction.

THE one case in which we could pardon any amount of sensational writing, believing that even the wildest imagination could not exaggerate the opportunities for brutality and suffering, whatever were the practical experiences, is in

* Mental Evolution in Animals. By George John Romanes. With a Posthumous Essay on Instinct, by Charles Darwin. \$2. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

regard to Mormonism. 'Salt-Lake Fruit,' by an American (Rand, Avery & Co.), is perhaps even to be commended for a style which certainly would not be pleasing in a mere novel, but which in the present instance may appeal with greater power precisely where it is needed. However the author had relied on her mere imagination, she could not, as we have said, have exaggerated possibilities, whatever she had done with facts; and it is evident from the very fervor of the rhetoric that she has been deeply stirred either by personal experience or personal knowledge of actual facts. It is to be remembered that the warnings of strong rhetoric rather than strong logic are needed for two classes: for the young women trapped as victims, who find too late what Mormonism means; and for the women, many of them old and apparently sensible, who remain in Utah, not as undeceived victims who cannot escape, but as sufferers who still believe their suffering to be a part of the true religion. It is hard to believe that two Mormon men can meet but as certain seers of old met—laughing in their sleeves; but it is certain that many a Mormon woman suffers voluntarily. If 'Salt-Lake Fruit' can either warn or rescue—and we believe it can—let us judge it not as literature, but as life.

'EUSTIS,' by Robert A. Boit (Osgood), reads like a story written before the War, with the usual abolitionist going South for the winter, and being so charmingly treated by the Southerner as to undergo a complete reformation. He perceives at once that the Negroes would be quite intolerable at the polls, and that emancipation would be a great mistake if only in breaking up that beautiful relation between master and servant in accordance with which many a Southern matron was known to sit up all night with a slave-child dangerously ill. We never could understand why freedom interfered with this gracious privilege; but it seems to be generally felt that the Southern matron has forever lost the right to 'sit up nights' with the children of her dependents. The time of 'Eustis' is really after the War, but its spirit, as well as its plot, is ancient. It would not take much, however, in the present instance, to induce any one to side with the Southerners; for the gallantry of the young converted Northerner is not of a kind to commend itself to a household with daughters.

'A FAIR DEVICE,' by Charles Wolcott Balestier (Lovell's Library), is in a general way rather a pretty love story, though we venture to say that the device was *not* fair—was, indeed, rather less fair than many of the hackneyed forms in which it has already been in use. Some of the story is in very poor taste, but we are glad to have read it for one delicious scene, quite worthy of Howells, and invaluable to a play-right: The lovers quarrel in the woods, and the lady starts homeward alone with a ball of worsted in her hand, quite ignorant that the loose end of it had caught on a bush and is reeling off behind her. She cannot resist at last a peep backward. 'Trent was coming slowly along the wooded path. His gun was under one arm, and he was winding the worsted over his hand,' as he slowly followed her. 'That one little picture is well worth twenty cents.'

MRS. WISTER may safely be trusted not to select anything poor for translation, and not to translate anything poorly. It is hardly necessary to do more than advertise her latest work ('Quicksands,' from the German of Adolph Streckfuss), but it is a pleasure to add that this is even better than some of her other selections. The story is long, but so much the better since it is good; and it is certainly an original conception to have two people who meditate suicide—one because he is tired of his wealth, the other because he is worn out with his poverty—save each other by exchanging rôles. By a mistake of the binder, about twenty pages entirely foreign to the rest of the story and belonging, if we mistake not, to Mrs. Wister's translation of 'The Second Wife,' have been bound up in this book.

'THE MISTRESS OF IBICHSTEIN,' translated from the German of Fr. Henkel by S. E. Boggs (Holt's Leisure Hour Series), is one of the good old-fashioned court stories, full of intrigue and plot, secret rooms and secret marriages; sensational, it is true, but sustaining the interest to the end. It is at least original in having for a heroine a young lady who is neither very good nor very bad, but cold and scornful, beloved by her patroness precisely because she is cold and scornful, and doubtless somewhat startled herself when she learned from the will that she had been selected as heiress because 'in her I was charmed to find a personality capable of acting with heartlessness, selfishness, and cold understanding.' The story is well worth reading.

AS A NOVEL, 'Professor Conant,' by the Hon. L. S. Huntington, Q. C. (Worthington), is certainly not a great success. The author, however, modestly states that he has not aimed at being a novelist, his object being merely to weave a slight romance, with questions of the day on Political Economy, Canadian politics, Democracy, Free Trade, etc., the questions being discussed in the form of conversation which enables people of all parties to give an opinion. The romance certainly is slight, and the 'questions of the day,' though discussed with much amiability, do not throw any strikingly brilliant light upon the topics in hand.

'CLYTIA,' translated from the German of George Taylor by Mary J. Safford (Gottschberger), while sufficiently painful reading for even the strongest nerves as a romance of the Sixteenth Century, is deeply interesting as an exposition of the motives and methods of the Jesuits.

It is pleasant to know that so good a thing as Mr. Hale's 'Ten Times One is Ten,' with the admirable Harry Wadsworth mottoes, is still so popular that J. Stilman Smith & Co., of Boston, have issued a new and revised edition of it in pamphlet form.

Minor Notices.

'THE BOSTON COOK-BOOK' of Mrs. D. A. Lincoln, of the Boston Cooking School, strongly bound, well printed, with the ingredients for each receipt arranged in columns, and directions that not only can be understood but that cannot be misunderstood, is an admirable thing of its kind. (Roberts Brothers.) The author has the double qualification for such work of being herself an experienced housekeeper and of having had that experience with youthful minds ignorant of housekeeping which makes her realize the importance of exactness in directions. Many a young housewife has given up a new receipt in despair because she dared not risk the 'flavor to taste,' or 'add a little gravy,' or 'flour enough to roll well,' of old-fashioned cook-books. When we remember that it is one of man's distinctive qualifications that he can make a fire and cook his food, it certainly does seem essential to his dignity that he should cook it well; and although one of the most comfortable housekeepers we know understands very little more at this day of the practical workings of the kitchen than she did when at the age of twenty she came in from the kitchen with the information that she 'didn't know whether the potatoes were boiling or not, but *the water was*,' the risk of comfort is decidedly less when our daughters are brought up to turn their chemistry and physiology and ingenuity to practical uses.

'OUR BASEBALL CLUB,' by Noah Brooks (Dutton), is to be commended for representing all the old gentlemen and all the nice young girls of a little town as interested, not only in the boys, but in the boys' amusements, and for showing the boys themselves that a high sense of honor can be cultivated even in a game. It is not very much of a story, and to one who did not understand baseball it might seem hardly more juicy than a tough problem in chess printed in the newspaper; but then every one does under-

stand baseball, and to the boys at least, for whom it is chiefly written, it would be interesting if it were nothing but the score of the games.

ROBERT CLARKE & Co., of Cincinnati, send us a handful of ingenious and musical jingles called 'Under a Fool's Cap,' by Daniel Henry, Jr., which are made up of variations on the metres of Mother Goose. The thought is a happy one, and the rhymes, from those modelled on 'Old King Cole' to 'Little Boy Blue' and 'Burnie Bie,' have a quaintness, fancy, and felicity quite their own. They are not flowers from that winsome garden from which Mr. Cholmondeley-Pennell picked his *felici violette*; but they are not weeds either. The single objection is that the verse-forms of that delightful nonsense of our childhood should not have been taken and freighted with a depth and meaning and tenderness beyond what they can well bear. It is too bad that the verse-form—or the flower-chalice—of 'Margery Daw,' for instance, should be made to hatch a tragedy, or that 'Bobby Shafts' should be a bell on the fool's cap on which is written *mortuus plango*. We lose the 'tintinnabulation' of the olden rhymes—the fun, and laughter, and foolishness; and the rhyme is writ over with a spot which no tears will wash away. Here is the greeting:

Olden friends, though dressed anew,
Goslings of that Dean of Mothers,
Trimmed and combed—still, it is true,
Olden friends, though dressed anew;
Here I dedicate to you,
Oh my Sister-geese . . . and brothers!
Olden friends, though dressed anew,
Goslings of that Dean of Mothers!

WE ARE GLAD to see that Mr. C. K. Davis's 'The Law in Shakspeare' (St. Paul: West Publishing Co.) is already in a second edition. It is a work made up of minute gleanings from the legal side of Shakspeare's plays, and astonishes one by its showing of the breadth, depth, and comprehensiveness of the poet's attainments in this direction. The legal 'emblems of his industry are woven into his style like the bees into the imperial purple of Napoleon's coronation robes.' Incidentally Mr. Davis scouts the *lues Baconiana*; and in the course of an acute comparison between the 'Hamlet' of 1603 and the perfected version of 1623, he shows how Shakspeare's work grew in wealth of legal illustration, how he amplified and corrected what had been originally obscure, incomplete, or inaccurate, and how greatly the final elaborated version surpassed the earlier edition of the play. His characteristic use of the jargon of the law leads Mr. Davis to some pregnant remarks on the probable Shakspearean authorship of 'Sir John Oldcastle' and 'The Two Noble Kinsmen.' In Germany 'The Law in Shakspeare,' with its 300 carefully numbered and explicated citations of legal words and phrases, would be called an 'inaugural dissertation' for a philosophical degree, and would be not unworthy of the name.

Two things are essential in the study of history: first, that in the elaborate study of individual topics and in the division of history which has to be made geographically, we shall not forget the cosmopolitan outlook, but shall know not merely the chronology of events in Prussia and the chronology of events in France, but shall understand what was occurring in Prussia and France at the same special moment; secondly, it is important that in the study of universal history we should not forget careful, distinctive, individual consideration of any important movement. The little books now being issued on single themes are admirably calculated for assistance in this last respect, and 'A Short History of the Reformation,' by John F. Hurst, D.D., is very well written, presenting the subject briefly, vividly and entertainingly. (Harper & Bros.) Dr. Hurst does not forget that certain conditions and certain individuals long before Luther had their effect on the general cause, and he gives a

brief history of the movement in Germany, Switzerland, England, Scotland, the Netherlands, France, Italy, Spain and Portugal, and Scandinavia.

The Lounger

IT IS UNDERSTOOD that a movement is on foot to establish a national conservatory of music in this country, and Mme. Christine Nilsson has kindly expressed her willingness—her eagerness, even—to take the position of 'directress of the vocal and dramatic department,' 'if the people of this great land are in earnest in regard to it.' From private information, I believe that the 'people of this great land' are in earnest about it, but I do not think Mme. Nilsson will be chosen as 'directress of the vocal and dramatic department' of the proposed institution. Indeed, I do not think that any foreigner will be invited to take this position, but rather a native-born singer—one who has had experience in training and organizing. Mme. Nilsson leaves Signor Brignoli 'to go on in this matter,' and writes: 'When the necessary funds are secured for its foundation, I shall gladly return to take my position at the head of this enterprise.' The average prima-donna takes very little interest in an enterprise of any character, until 'the necessary funds are secured.' It is very good of Mme. Nilsson to offer her services so promptly; but the position is one that there will not be much difficulty in filling. It is a prize that should be bestowed with caution.

A CIRCULAR has been issued by Mr. Cortlandt Palmer, containing the prospectus of a weekly paper to be conducted on the same principle that governs the meetings of the Nineteenth Century Club. Its name will be *Our Nineteenth Century*, and its object is announced as the discussion of all burning questions of the day. Orthodoxy and agnosticism will be separated only by a column-rule; and the most brilliant literary, political and religious writers will be invited to discuss their special subjects, not at length, but in short, pithy articles, that one may read without being bored. It is said that a prominent journalist has signified his willingness to edit the proposed paper. On the whole, I cannot say that I should like to undertake the task myself.

MR. CABLE is to spend the summer at Simsbury, Conn., where—according to a telegraphic despatch from New Orleans—he will prepare a series of papers on facts in Louisiana history, and a series of sketches on the Acadians in Louisiana. Meanwhile the Creoles are buzzing about his ears and stinging him with redoubled fury since his recent reading of selections from his own writings at Grunewald Hall. On Wednesday of last week, an 'Old Creole,' writing to one of the New Orleans papers, summarized the feeling against the author of 'Old Creole Days' in six short sentences, as follows: '1. We are more civilized than Mr. Cable. 2. We are sufficiently intelligent to judge of fools. 3. We possess French politeness and courtesy, the equal of the American. 4. In many important public functions, Creoles are preferred. 5. No one has yet challenged the Creole's courage. 6. If Mr. Cable doubts the fifth proposition he is given a tree field.' In the Louisiana Senate, on the following day, a complimentary allusion to Mr. Cable provoked Senator Carlisle to a bitter denunciation of that gentleman, in the course of which he referred to him as a 'Quixotic moral reformer, who, mounted upon the ass of public credulity, rode against the immovable windmills of fixed institutions.' The 'immovable windmill' in this instance happened to be the contract-labor system in the State Prison.

I CAN readily understand the feeling of the Creoles toward Mr. Cable. If I were a Creole myself, I would probably share it. It is a perfectly natural sentiment, and quite justifiable from the Creoles' point of view. On the other hand, Mr. Cable is equally, or even more, in the right than his assailants. He is not a historian: he is a story-writer, a novelist, whose right to select only such types of character for presentation in his stories as he sees fit to select is indubitable. If he chooses to draw his lowest characters exclusively from the ranks of the Creoles, he is accountable to no one for his choice. If the reputation of the Creoles suffers thereby, we are all quite ready to assure them of our sympathy. But Mr. Cable is a literary artist, and the first aim of the artist is to be true to his art. It would be a thousand pities if the author of some of the most delightful tales and sketches in the language were handicapped by any sense of the necessity of doing historic justice to a class, no matter how worthy or amiable that class might be, which considered itself aggrieved by his writings.

MR. SALA said something recently in his 'Echoes of the Week,' in *The Illustrated London News*, concerning the words mail-route, frock, gown and dress, and Mr. Smalley devoted a column in his London correspondence to the task of disproving the English journalist's assertions. Mr. Sala replied, and promised to return yet again to the support of his statements. This he failed to do, or at least had not done when I wrote this paragraph. But Mr. Smalley was only too glad of an excuse for writing another column on the subject of 'American-English,' and his lucubrations on that theme filled a column or more of last Sunday's *Tribune*. The best thing—I may say the only good thing—in the letter is the writer's advice to Mr. Sala to waste no more time and space in 'the discussion of trivialities.' But considering the fact that Mr. Smalley has devoted more than two long columns to a discussion of the date of the introduction of the word mail-route into the English language, it is to be hoped that Mr. Sala will 'better reckon the rede than ever his adviser did.'

Tourguéneff's Youth.

A VALUABLE contribution to our knowledge of the character and private life of the great Russian novelist is a paper entitled 'Tourguéneff's Youth,' by P. Annenkoff, which appeared in the *Viestnik Evropii* for February last. Several pages are devoted to an analysis of the elements of Tourguéneff's cosmopolitan popularity, and a description of the emotion caused by his death in different classes of society. Then follows a graphic account of his somewhat disordered and eccentric youth, beginning with the date of his return to Russia after his German education was completed. Strange rumors were afloat concerning him in Moscow and St. Petersburg. Some one who had met him in Berlin related that he had found young Tourguéneff playing with pasteboard soldiers in company with the family servant to whose care he had been committed during his travels. When he returned to Russia, there was apparently very little of the Russian left in him. He had become a complete *Student-bursch*, full of contempt for the surrounding world, haughty of speech, and inclined to a romantic exaggeration of the value of his personal experiences. So marked an individuality naturally aroused antagonism, and the first impression which the budding genius made upon the literary men of Moscow and St. Petersburg was not a favorable one. He was possessed, first of all, of excessive self-confidence. He also gave speech to every idea that passed through his head, no matter how fanciful or absurd, and this characteristic obscured for the time the more solid intellectual qualities which later lent so great a charm to his intercourse with those about him. He was, in fact, troubled with too much of the imaginative faculty, and at that time he had not learned to keep it under control.

'In the course of conversation,' says the writer, 'a proposition or example no sooner arose than one might see Tourguéneff exercising over it the rights of a master, taking possession of it, placing himself in the centre of the recital and attaching all its threads to himself. The greater number of his listeners, and they were always many, forgot the subject with which the conversation had begun, and abandoned themselves to the pleasure of hearkening to a magical tale.' These workings of a poetic imagination led many persons to imagine that Tourguéneff was lacking in sincerity, even in truthfulness. They were unjust to him. His aim was simply to produce a literary effect and win a reputation for originality. To his mind, at that time, the most ignominious condition into which a human being could fall, was to be like others of his kind. He was frequently astonished at his own words when they were repeated to him, and attributed them to calumny. For instance, he set down as a slander the remark he is said to have made concerning the effect produced upon him by masterpieces of art—namely, that they caused an itching under his knees, and turned the calves of his legs to triangles. This eccentric remark, like many others, was widely circulated, and for a long time the name of Tourguéneff was identified in the popular mind of Russia with similar jests.

Tourguéneff's literary productions at that time did not, however, show the slightest trace of falsity. On the contrary, they were remarkable for conscientiousness and sincerity of feeling, besides that truth of thought and sentiment which the young writer had learned from Pouschkin. Tourguéneff began his literary career early. While still a student he wrote a drama—'Stenio.' Between 1841 and 1846 he contributed to the *Sovremennik* a number of poetical productions over the signature T.—L.—the initials of the families of his father and mother (Tourguéneff—Loutovino). After that he passed over to the new *Sovremennik* of Panaeff and Nekrassoff, and continued to print his verses in it from 1847 down to 1850. All these productions showed signs of undoubted talent. The first works to attract public attention were 'Parasha,' a tale in verse (1843), and 'Discourse,' also in verse (1845). The critic Belinski pointed out their many beauties to the Russian public. Two years later 'Khor and Kalinitch'—the first chapter of the 'Notes of a Hunter'—appeared in the *Sovremennik*, and showed the young writer in a new and very favorable light. At the beginning of the 40's, Tourguéneff found himself at odds with his mother, a rich and capricious landed proprietress of the Orloff province, who withdrew her support and left him to take care of himself. Until her death, in 1850, he suffered much from want, although seldom acknowledging the embarrassments of his position even to his most intimate friends. Judging from the words of the writer, Annenkoff, one would fancy him to have been a terrible *poseur* at this time. In 1845 he was introduced to the family of the singer Viardot. This friendship was destined to exert a great influence over his future. Annenkoff charges him with a fondness for rude jests and practical jokes. He relates that Tourguéneff, returning one day from a shooting expedition, boasted of the large number of birds he had killed, and to confirm his words asked all his hearers to dine with him on the following day. They accepted both the tale of his marvellous exploits and the invitation. At the appointed hour, they mounted to the fourth story of the house in which Tourguéneff lived, and waited for some time before the door of the apartment occupied by him, until a man-servant came out and informed them that his master was not at home, and that he had made no provision for their entertainment. Tourguéneff laughed long and loudly when he heard of the perplexity and chagrin of his duped guests, but made no excuses to any one. It seemed to him the most amusing thing in the world thus to trifle with his friends. On the other hand, he particularly disliked persons who resisted the spell of his discourse and put little faith in the air of naïve conviction with which he related his illusions and remarkable experiences. He called them 'leathern portmanteaus stuffed with hay.' He felt a strong dislike for the literary circles then existing in Russia on account of what he considered their narrowness and intolerance. He claimed the right to assert his individuality in literature and in life, and the literary fossils of Russia, like the same class of people everywhere, were naturally irritated by his independence.

At this time Tourguéneff appeared in his true colors only in the country—that is, on his family estate. Here his turbulent soul became calm. There was no one at hand for whom he could act out scenes or characters, or place himself in the dramatic and sensational light that pleased his whimsical soul. He had an inborn repulsion from violence, and had received from nature a hatred of human oppression. The benevolent spirit within him, which the conditions of Russian life prevented from finding an outlet in public remonstrance against tyranny and official abuse, concentrated itself on the welfare of the individuals who formed the population of his mother's estate, which was valued at about five thousand serfs. Varvara Petrovna Tourguéneff, by nature an uncommon woman, was well-educated after the fashion of her time. She usually spoke French, and kept her diary in that language. The education which she gave to both her

sons showed that she understood the value of education, but understood it in a very original way. She could not understand why an acquaintance with the various literatures of Europe and intercourse with the leading minds of different countries should produce a radical change in the ideas of a Russian nobleman, and make him abandon the principles handed down to him by his ancestors. She was much astonished at the chaos produced by a university education in the character of one of her sons, who had learned to regard as a matter of honor and duty the negation of those fundamental principles which seemed to her unshakable. Varvara Petrovna possessed inherent love of power, violence of temper, and remarkable promptitude of decision, all of which qualities were developed by contradiction. She could not forgive her children for not making use of the education they had received to win brilliant positions in society, official distinctions and worldly advantages of various kinds. As young Tourguéneff refused to alter either his conduct or his tone of thought to please his mother, there was perpetual discord between them. Her administration of the family estate was another source of disagreement. According to Annenkoff, she was a perfect type of the female tyrant. She did not hesitate to pronounce the death-sentence of an unhappy little dog belonging to her servant Garassim, although she knew that by so doing she deeply wounded the heart of its master. On the other hand, when Tourguéneff appeared upon the estate, his presence always established tranquillity. He made life easier to all. His moral influence over the most unruly of his dependents was very great.

One of the most interesting points in Annenkoff's article is the extract from a letter dated Oct., 1883, written by V. N. Zhitoff, a lady who was brought up in the Tourguéneff family. 'As well as I remember myself,' says this correspondent, 'do I remember my own as well as the general adoration of him in the house of his mother. He was not often with us, but when he was expected, all rejoiced and made glad. "Our angel is coming! Now all will be well!" was heard on all sides. The power of his mildness and goodness was really great. I have read what Ralston says of "Mumu." This is not what I would have said. I was present at all the scenes of this drama. I was the only person admitted to the little chamber of Garassim. I caressed, I fed Mumu, whenever I was able to escape the vigilant eyes of the French or English woman placed over me, and often, very often as a child, I was carried about in Garassim's powerful arms. For eighteen years I have been giving lessons, teaching Russian literature to my pupils. I can read the most dramatic passages with dry eyes; but the last pages of "Mumu" I have never been able to read aloud to the end. The tears always choked me.'

Tourguéneff did not long remain merely the favorite of the serfs and dependents on his estate. He soon became the favorite of the entire reading world of Russia, and particularly of Russian women. This period of his life opened shortly after the death of his mother and his famous arrest in 1852.

CHARLOTTE ADAMS.

Mme. Sarah Bernhardt's Lady Macbeth.

[From *The Saturday Review*.]

It is a little late in the day to discuss the merits of Mme. Sarah Bernhardt's acting generally. In England and in America society and the daily press, which half leads and half follows it, have for some time accepted her at her own valuation, which has not erred upon the side of modesty. To quiet observers, the difference in the tone of French criticism upon her various histrionic performances, on the stage and off it, suggests amusing thoughts enough, with the delightful undercurrent of French irony which runs through it all. Her own people, indeed, have probably estimated the actress at very much her true value, which was not small. They remember her as in early days a distinguished member of the excellent Français company, of much talent, and with the promise of more. When Mmes. Croizette and Bernhardt played together in 'The Sphinx,' and the terrible death-

scene of the former was the talk of Paris, it was nevertheless generally felt that but for that scene the acting of Mme. Bernhardt carried the palm. Then she touched a higher point. Her performance in the 'Fille de Roland' was very fine; so were her earlier performances of Phèdre, which distinctly degenerated afterward. In other plays, especially where she had to stand comparison with earlier interpreters, in the best critical judgment she has not held her own. It is a mistake to say that comparison is an unfair test, for it is sometimes the best test of all. It is a comparatively easy thing to shine in an original character, especially in one written expressly for the artist (as was the case with *Fedora*), which, in the ludicrous assumptions of the theatrical dictionary, he or she is said to 'create'—meaning, of course, that the artist is the first to have the advantage of interpreting the author's creation. It is harder by force of talent to efface or to rival the memories of others. When Mme. Bernhardt played Adrienne Lecouvreur she failed to make us forget Mme. Favart's more artistic work, to say nothing of the traditions of Rachel. When she essayed Frou-Frou, she left us nothing but newer and fresher regrets for the incomparable Desclée. Genius is a rare plant everywhere; rarest of all upon the stage, the art being merely mimetic; though nowhere more than on the stage is the fine word thrown about more recklessly. Not in our time has it been more applicable than to Desclée. Where others may have touches of genius, hers was the thing itself. And Desclée and Frou-Frou are an inseparable memory. The comedy itself is one of the truest and most subtle of modern times, in its startling elaboration of the character of the woman of highly-wrought nerves, the true and striking product of the age. And in her various eccentricities Mme. Bernhardt has not distinguished herself more than in informing an 'interviewer,' as it is reported of her that she did, that she was not at her ease in Frou-Frou, because she felt the part to be so much 'au dessous d'elle!' Desclée did not regard in that light the best work of MM. Meilhac and Halévy. It is true that she was not much interviewed.

Mme. Bernhardt has now broken Shakspearian ground, and appeared as the heroine of a very strange translation of a very noble play, now to be accepted under the singular designation of 'Muck-a-bet.' At the risk of encountering all the stereotyped adulation which no doubt will greet—has indeed already begun to greet—the latest version of that terrible poet-sample of feminine undaunted mettle, we must venture to express, having seen the performance at the Porte St.-Martin on the fourth or fifth night, a frank and grave opinion. The surroundings of Mme. Bernhardt are in this case very much against her. Through some quarrel or difficulty which has been much written of in the French papers, she has not appeared, as originally intended, in a free poetical rendering of the play by M. Lacroix (by him transferred to the Odéon), but in a literal—very oddly literal—prose translation by her own poet, M. Richepin, the author-actor of 'Nana-Sahib.' It would not be fair to call the translation bad, curiously as it sometimes reminds one of the gentleman who undertook to transfer 'Hamlet' into French vernacular prose, and accordingly reproduced the Prince's greeting to his father's spirit, 'Angels and ministers of grace defend us!' as 'Tiens! qu'est que c'est que ça?' After all, that is very much what a modern French Hamlet, as according to Partridge, would say under the circumstances. M. Richepin has done his best to preserve the imagery; but a literal translation of a great poem, with all the poetry left out, is in itself a sin; and such a sentence as 'Comme un rat sans queue, je ferai, et je ferai, et je ferai,' is very unimpressive indeed. 'Ab uno disce omnia.' The Witches' mixture for the cauldron, purposely but fiercely grotesque in Shakspeare's magic hands, becomes amazingly funny in M. Richepin's prose. 'Sir,' said an enthusiastic box-keeper during the run of M. Fichter's Hamlet at the Princess's (a very fine and thoughtful performance, be it said, which we have no wish to deprecate), 'Amlet used to be a tragedy with Mr. Kean and Mr. Macready. Mr. Fichter, sir, has raised it to a meller-dram.' M. Richepin has raised 'Muc-a-bet' to another; and an odd one it is. It is arranged in nine 'tableaux,' with waits between, in order that the high treason of 'changing the scenes in sight of the audience' may be avoided according to the modest Pineronian receipt. 'Muck-a-bet' has obviously passed through the ubiquitous fingers of some Gallic Mr. Pinerio; and in the further absence of all orchestral music of any kind, the effect becomes almost madly depressing. We had nightmares till the morning, much aggravated by the astounding aspect of the French ghosts and witches. They had but one trap-door between them, wherewith to do all the necessary spiring. The three Witches walked on and off in quite a mortal way; and when they desired to impress Muck-a-bet, they merely joined

hands round him and put him in the middle, and danced 'Round and round the mulberry-tree,' about the great 'Coward.' In that confined space, in the full costume of a modern Highlander outside a tobacconist's shop, the noble Thane looked exceedingly uncomfortable, and very little else. The Ghost of Banquo failed to redeem the spiritual situation. In this world a decidedly fat man, he had had no time to lose flesh in the next, before he rose through that trap-door into the middle of the dinner-table, with nothing to distinguish him from the rest of the company but a profusion of disagreeable red lines about his face to represent wounds which much moved us to address him in the language of Mr. Burnand's 'Stage-Dora,' as 'Sealing Wax.' The audience giggled at him a good deal, and the audience, on the night when we were present, was conspicuous by the absence of all social or literary distinction. Like the performance, it was unmitigated Surrey. When a Parisian actress secedes from the Français, French intelligence remains with the Français, and leaves the seceder. 'Flean,' as the bills called him, was visible only in the bills. The Second Murderer caused some laughter by lending a repentant hand to remove the furniture. Macbeth, when his wife left him, clenched his teeth and gnashed them, threw out his right arm, danced on his right foot, and settled himself on his left, rolled his eyes, and said, 'Est-ce un poignard?' precisely as we knew he would. Macbeth might have been Macduff, or Macduff Banquo, or Lennox any of them, for any distinction whatever between their characters or styles of recitation. There was no single glimpse of acting from the beginning of the performance to the end. 'I can get this sort of thing from the Britannia at any time, sir,' said an angry manager to an expensive lover, 'for forty shillings a week.'

How far Mme. Bernhardt herself may be responsible for the general effect of such an exhibition as this, it would be idle to inquire. Neither reason nor experience, we suppose, will ever dispel the histrionic theory that a star shines the brighter for a surrounding of night-lights. Yet her early successes at the Français, with the Delaunays and Mounet-Sullys to act with, might have taught Mme. Bernhardt a better wisdom; and the power of evenness has never been more clearly shown than of late, in bringing into relief the merit of an individual performance. Mme. Marie Roze's beautiful and poetic Carmen, for instance, at Drury Lane, a study clearly inspired by Mérimée rather than his librettists, was all the more significant for the equal merit of the whole representation of Bizet's opera.

The interest of the performance at the Porte St.-Martin, of course, lay in what Mme. Sarah Bernhardt might make of Lady Macbeth. This much justice may at least be done her, that she has in no way attempted to alter the balance of the characters. She is not ambitious to emulate the side-lights which another foreign player has been good enough to throw upon Shakspeare's tragedy. If Signor Salvini has naively announced that the sleep-walking scene ought to be taken out of Lady Macbeth's part and given to Macbeth, Mme. Bernhardt might have retaliated by transferring the scene over the Witches' cauldron from the Thane to herself. The psychological meanings which some critics love to look for might be argued either way, though we doubt if Shakspeare ever distressed himself much by speculations on psychology. But, for the rest, Shakspeare at his greatest being here in question, it must be plainly said, by us at least, that Mme. Bernhardt's acting is throughout but too well in keeping with the tone of her surroundings. It is becoming painfully clear to quiet and watchful observers and lovers of the drama, whom the blare of modern trumpetry fails to deafen or disturb, that the Nemesis of the new school is following hard on the actress's heels, and that in the hands of those who persistently give up to advertisement what was meant for art, the signs of art may degenerate very fast. We could wish that others might be warned in time. From the first moment of her appearance, reading Macbeth's letter, Mme. Bernhardt strikes at once her shrillest and highest key. From that moment forward there is neither change, nor relief, nor light. With her husband there is no touch of love or tenderness; with her guests there is no sign of dignity or grace; in her own reflections there is neither reticence nor stay. She plays second murderer throughout to Macbeth's first; and the two together might figure as the centre of some police-court story of Whitechapel assassination. To color their hands an obtrusive and unpleasant red, in emulation of poor Banquo's roomy visage, appears to be with them the main purpose of the scene. Even the repulsive and unsuitable dress which it pleases Mme. Bernhardt to wear is, we regret to say, an offence which in such a character an artist should have shunned. In the touchstone of the part, the sleep-walking scene, Mme. Bernhardt's failure seemed to us the most complete. The traditions of that scene are old and true, and to

be remembered by ourselves not only in Mme. Ristori's stately power, but in the artistic self-restraint of our own Mrs. Crowe and Mrs. Vezin. Mme. Bernhardt seems to wish to play the scene anew, and plays it like a Manad, or, to give a closer parallel, like an operatic star in the gambols of the Sonnambula. She tears the passion all to pieces, and ends by rushing wildly off the stage, waving her hands about her head. Her gestures, indeed, throughout the whole play are more those of the amateur than the actress, wearisome and monotonous from their entire want of repose, as if she had unlearned the very rudiments of the art which she once promised to interpret both modestly and well. With her right hand she ceaselessly saws the air, and with the left she clutches the bosom of her peculiar tunic, in a fashion in which a pupil of Mrs. Stirling or Mr. Vezin would not long be allowed to indulge. Mme. Bernhardt has a great power of recuperation; and we sincerely hope that she will reconsider her Lady Macbeth carefully and thoroughly before she presents it to the countrymen of Shakspeare. If she does not, we should not be surprised to find that in this instance the usual puffs preliminary have missed their mark. For when things are at the worst they mend; and we believe that there are signs abroad that the advertising mania in matters of art is trying the patience of the world too far. The natural result of the desire of every aspirant to outstrip his predecessor is already visible on half the boardings of London. Mme. Bernhardt, mercifully, still confines herself to the modest proportion of the photographer's window, and we are spared the fear of a life-sized Lady Macbeth to herald her upon her way among the attractions of soaps, mustards, electric belts, and Claudian. Mr. Barrett is so earnest in his artistic ambition, and himself so sound an actor of poetic drama (many remember his 'Mercutio' as among the best of recent Shakspearian pictures), that it is the more to be regretted that he should treat poetical plays in this fashion. We sincerely believe that there must soon be an end of all this, and with what patience we may command we are content to look for it.

Mr. Stopford Brooke on Christ.

[From *The Spectator*.]

MR. STOPFORD BROOKE preached last week a very remarkable sermon before the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, on the paramount importance of keeping Christ and the emotions which Christ excites in the hearts of men, in the supreme place among Unitarians, on whom alone, in Mr. Stopford Brooke's view, those emotions can exert their full power. He admitted to a certain extent that there is a coldness toward Christ in Unitarian worship which is very prejudicial to it, but maintained that it was due mainly to the fear which Unitarians feel, lest if they accord the full claim of Christ to the passionate love of man, they may be supposed to admit that he is more than man, and is entitled to the sort of adoration which Trinitarians give and which Unitarians cannot give him. Mr. Stopford Brooke maintains, on the contrary, that the very opposite is true. It is not, he maintains, till the life of our Lord is stripped of what he deems legend altogether, stripped of the miraculous, stripped of the supernatural birth and the supernatural resurrection, that it is calculated to excite the most passionate love in man. But when once it is admitted that Christ is man and nothing more, that he is man only and yet sinless, that he is man only and yet perfectly one with God, that he is man only, but a true incarnation of God—then, said Mr. Brooke, he excites the profoundest love and deserves the profoundest love which it is possible for the human heart to feel, such a love as Unitarians alone, since they alone believe in his mere humanity, can adequately feel. It was this love, and this in its highest form, according to Mr. Stopford Brooke, that St. Paul felt, who—in the language of the sermon as with the utmost amazement we find it reported—never used a single word 'which imputes deity to Jesus, or which mingles him up even with God's nature.' Nay, Mr. Brooke goes further and says, 'In all the fervent phrases which St. Paul uses of Jesus, there is not one which a Unitarian who had, like myself, rejected the miraculous origin of Jesus, and with that his divinity, might not frankly use.' And accordingly Mr. Stopford Brooke's exhortation to the Unitarians, whom he has so recently joined, is to preach Christ with the same passionate fervor with which St. Paul preached him, and to reap the same reward in the greatness and the multiplicity of their conversions.

We should be very sorry indeed to attenuate in any way the force of Mr. Stopford Brooke's eloquent exhortation. The more powerfully it is felt, the better for all who feel it, though not the better, we think, for the cause of Unitarianism, as an intellectual cause, itself. For as people begin to love Christ as St. Paul loved him, they will also begin to ask themselves the meaning of

that overpowering passion. Could it be felt except toward one with whom he who feels it is in constant and intimate spiritual communion? Could it be felt except toward one who has both the power and the will to bring God even closer to the heart? Could it be felt except toward one who is to be more and more to you with every new day, and still more in death and after death than even now? We should reply to all these questions in the negative, and do not feel the smallest doubt that St. Paul must have replied to them in the negative too. The overwhelming love which took hold of St. Paul for Christ was, to him doubtless, the final evidence that Christ was not merely a man—not merely the man whom, in his earthly form, St. Paul had probably never seen; was not a mere man who, when divided from his disciples by death, had no more power of communicating with them, than any other man; was not a mere man who, if indeed he thought himself sinless, as the records of his life tell us, was even more likely to have been mistaken than when he declared himself able to forgive sins, as the same records also tell us, though these, if he were man only, it was utterly impossible for him to forgive, and even impious to pretend to forgive.

But, as a matter of fact, let us see what a few of these 'fervent phrases' are which St. Paul uses, and which Mr. Brooke thinks that those who can eliminate all that is supernatural and, as he regards it, legendary in the story of Jesus Christ, may frankly use also. We cannot say, of course, which of St. Paul's Epistles Mr. Stopford Brooke still accepts as genuine; probably not the Epistle to the Ephesians, for it is altogether out of the question that Mr. Stopford Brooke could speak of a mere man as one in whom 'all things' are 'summed up'—'the things in the heavens and the things on earth.' Such language would never be used by any sober man of any other man, however high in the moral and spiritual scale that other man might be placed. Probably, again, Mr. Brooke does not accept the Epistle to the Philippians, for it would be mere mystification to say of any man that—as the revised version, or one of its marginal readings, has it—'being in the form of God, he thought it not a thing to be grasped at to be equal with God, but emptied himself, taking the form of a servant, being made in the likeness of man.' But surely Mr. Stopford Brooke accepts the Epistle to the Romans, on which we never heard of even the most sceptical of German writers casting a doubt; and surely he must regard it as very extravagant and inappropriate language to associate any mere man, even though assumed to be sinless, with God, as the fountain of 'grace and peace' to man. Christians are apt to forget what extraordinary significance there is in praying that grace and peace shall descend on any Church 'from God our Father and' another, and how infinitely incongruous such a prayer must be, if that other is a limited human being like ourselves, though now passed beyond this world. Conceive a Jew even thinking of a prayer that grace and peace might descend on his people from God and Moses, or from God and Samuel, or from God and Isaiah! The conjunction is simply impossible. All that the Prophet gives is given by God, and the Prophet is the instrument only. Or, take that other expression in the same Epistle, that Christ 'died for us, being yet sinners,' and that we are 'justified by his blood.' Is that an expression which it would be possible for one to use who held that he was speaking of the death of a mere human being, and of the result of that death on the minds and consciences of his fellow-men?

Again, Mr. Brooke no doubt accepts as genuine the Epistle to the Corinthians. And it he is right as to St. Paul's belief in Christ's mere humanity, why is St. Paul so indignant against those Corinthians who say—'I am of Paul' or 'I of Apollos?' Why should St. Paul ask so indignantly, 'What then, is Apollos, and what is Paul?' and reply, 'Ministers through whom ye believed.' What, in Mr. Brooke's view, is Christ himself, except a 'minister through whom he believes?' Is it not perfectly clear that when St. Paul first contrasts the mere 'ministers through whom ye believed' with God 'who giveth the increase,' and next contrasts his own labor as a master-builder with that 'foundation' which is Jesus Christ, any other than which, he declares, it is impossible to lay, he is enforcing the same contrast in different words? So far from holding with Mr. Stopford Brooke that St. Paul's language concerning Christ could be 'frankly' used by Unitarians, we are quite sure that it has hardly ever been frankly used by Unitarians of any type—even of the old orthodox type, who did *not* attempt to eliminate the miraculous and supernatural from the life of Christ—much more that it cannot be frankly used by the anti-supernaturalist Unitarians of the present day, not one of whom would venture to adopt it, if St. Paul had not adopted it before—and hardly even could adopt it under the shadow of his authority—without being accused by their Unitarian brethren far and wide of giving their

sanction to superstitious language of a dangerous and misleading kind.

And surely, if we face facts frankly, we shall admit that Mr. Stopford Brooke is striving with all the force of his eloquence to reconcile irreconcilable ideas. He may, as we hope, succeed in persuading some of the Unitarians that without the love of Christ, Theism, though a noble religion, 'is utterly inadequate for the universal humanity of modern life;' but if he does, he will also convince them that it is not amongst the Unitarians that that love can possibly be fostered in any sense in which St. Paul can be appealed to as the true representative of Christian feeling; for the very fact that this devotion to Christ does lay hold on men as it does, is a witness against the Unitarian view of that devotion. There is no such devotion to the absent spirits of merely human beings; there is no such devotion which is not fed by the constant experience of inward communion and living guidance. Again, Mr. Stopford Brooke may succeed in persuading the Unitarians that there was nothing exceptional in Jesus Christ except his virtue, and that his virtue was exceptional only as any other man's who will make the same supreme sacrifices for holiness might be exceptional; but if he does, he will also convince them that the whole strain of the Epistles as well as the whole strain of the Gospels is fanciful and exaggerated, and unworthy of the imitation of modern enlightenment. What we are quite sure that he will not succeed in, is the attempt to reconcile pure rationalism with the language of evangelical fervor; the two are simply incommensurable. Either the former is mistaken, and leaves the spiritual world out of account, or the latter is mistaken in the account it takes of that world. History is too strong even for Mr. Stopford Brooke's eloquence. The history of Unitarianism has been a history of fading and blanching devotion from the beginning; and wherever the devotional sympathies of the believers are too deep for their intellectual doubts, there the Unitarianism has, more or less, given way. Wherever, on the other hand, the rationalistic side of the character has been stronger than the devotional side, there the tendency has been to deviate from the Christian type of Unitarianism toward Theism, Deism, or even Agnosticism; and that tendency, as we believe, will be maintained in the future as it has been maintained in the past.

Ballade of Railway Novels.

[Andrew Lang, in *Longman's Magazine*.]

LET others praise analysis
And revel in a 'cultured' style,
And follow the subjective Miss*
From Boston to the banks of Nile,
Rejoice in anti-British bile,
And weep for dubious hero's woe,
These twain have shortened many a mile,
Miss Braddon and Gaboriau.
These damsels of 'Democracy's,'
So long they stop at every stile;
They smile, and we are told, I wis,
Ten subtle reasons *why* they smile.
Give me your villains deeply vile,
Give me Lecoq, Jottrat, and Co.,
Great artists of the ruse and wile,
Miss Braddon and Gaboriau!
Oh, novel readers, tell me this,
Can prose that's polished by the file,
Like great Fortuné's mysteries,
Wet days and weary ways beguile,
And man to living reconcile,
Like these whose every trick we know,
How high the agony they pile,
Miss Braddon and Gaboriau?

—ENVOY.

Ah, friend, how many and many a while
They've made the slow time fleetly flow,
And solaced pain and charmed exile,
Miss Braddon and Gaboriau.

Current Criticism.

A NEW EDITION OF POE:—Mr. John H. Ingram is well-known to be a specialist on the subject of Edgar Allan Poe, himself the most insoluble of the many problems with which he

* These lines do *not* apply to Miss Annie P. (or Daisy) Miller, and her delightful sisters, 'Gades adituz mecum,' in the pocket edition of Mr. James's novels, if ever I go to Gades. A. L.

mystified the world. Poe's personal reputation owes much to Mr. Ingram, who has succeeded in removing some of the blackest blots thrown upon it by Griswold and others, though after all possible lustrations it comes out anything but spotless; and now his literary fame will be no less indebted to the same industrious and enthusiastic student, by reason of this handsome and yet eminently readable collection of his tales and poems. . . . It is stated in the preface that 'some new pieces' will be found among the poems, but these additions are few and insignificant. They do not, at any rate, afford any new evidence on the much-disputed question as to whether Poe can claim any rank whatever as a poet. The writer whom Mr. Andrew Lang and Mr. E. C. Stedman agree in describing as 'a master of fantastic and melancholy sound,' while Mr. Henry James denounces his 'valueless verse,' must certainly stand in an anomalous position. The latter judgment is clearly much too sweeping. The one line, 'Unthought-like thoughts that are the souls of thought,' suffices to refute it, while it perhaps hints at an apology for the subordination of sense to sound throughout the poet's verse. Which of us, in these latter days, shall throw the first stone at the perpetrator of this particular sin?—*The Pall Mall Gazette*.

MR. RUSKIN'S LOVE OF CHESS:—As you have honored me by referring to my likes and dislikes in your interesting article on games, you will kindly correct the impression left on your readers that I 'should dislike' either billiards or chess? I am greatly interested in the dynamics of billiards, but I cannot play, and I deeply deplore the popularity of the game among the lower classes on the Continent. Chess, on the contrary, I urge pupils to learn, and enjoy it myself, to the point of its becoming a temptation to waste of time often very difficult to resist; and I have really serious thoughts of publishing a selection of favorite old games by chess-players of real genius and imagination, as opposed to the stupidity called chess-playing in modern days. Pleasant 'play,' truly! in which the opponents sit calculating and analyzing for twelve hours, tire each other nearly into apoplexy or idiocy, and end in a draw or a victory by an odd pawn.—*John Ruskin in The Daily Telegraph*.

DEAFNESS PREFERABLE TO BLINDNESS:—It is well known that Beethoven wrote many of his masterpieces after he was completely deaf; but he cannot have written them without hearing them in himself, and it therefore follows that the converse can take place, and that music can be heard by merely reading it. Deafness, therefore, does not entirely destroy musical enjoyment. In fact, as far as the sense of hearing goes, every composer, when he writes down his ideas, is virtually on the same footing as a deaf person; for what he writes is the product of his mind alone. But blindness! The privations it implies; the sacrifices it imposes! the virtual imprisonment of not being able to walk alone! the dismal darkness of never beholding the face of nature! the silence and solitude of being unable to read and write! As long as he can read a book, a deaf man remains in close communication with the whole circle of human thought. Historians, poets, philosophers, critics—all are still his companions; the world of painting and sculpture is still open to him. The blind man, on the other hand, is dependent on others for all he wants; he has to ask for everything; he is the prisoner of prisoners. A thousand times rather, then, be deaf than blind.—*M. Charles Gounod in a recent letter*.

THE STAGE CRAZE:—We are rather overdone with the literature of 'the Profession,' just now, in the way of 'Memoirs,' 'Impressions,' and voluminous criticism. Minor novelists have of late taken their heroines from 'the boards' freely, usually elevating them to rank and riches with a reckless liberality that is calculated to produce a depressing effect on virtuous poverty remaining behind to pick up the purse of Mr. Vortex, and repress the audacity of Dick Dowlas, in the persons of the modern representatives of those imperishable types. It is not at all surprising that actors, whose inverted life naturally tends to obscure their sense of the just proportions of things, and must afford even the exceptionally intelligent and well-informed among them but limited opportunities of apprehending the real business and the solid interests of the world, should be just now taking themselves very seriously indeed, and posing in a variety of ways that are ridiculous to the calm observer. That they are tempted to exhibit their shallow appreciation of the real constitution of things by behavior of this kind, is an effect of the exaggeration that has become a national feature, and is a note of the epoch. Society is not satisfied with the *juste milieu* in any

thing; and, having kept the actor unduly down for a long time, it has now hoisted him up as unduly, and invested a respectable profession with a sort of priesthood of art. This is a baseless assumption, and it leads the persons thus put out of their place to assign a preposterous importance to themselves and their concerns.—*The Spectator*.

Notes

'H,' SAYS the *Boston Advertiser*, 'is a letter which expresses a good deal in American authorship, being identified with the names of Halleck, Hawthorne, Holmes, and Howells, and it has a double prominence in one of our brightest literary women, who has made the familiar signature H. H. a household word. A street, which can number two of the above authors as residents must be considered singularly favored. Although Beacon Street is generally associated with the abodes of fashion, Prescott, the historian, and Holmes, the poet and essayist, have given to it the higher interest of literature. Our readers will be glad to learn that the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" is to have a near neighbor in this historic street in the person of the author of "Our Wedding Journey" and "A Woman's Reason." This is an excellent array of H's; but why not make it complete by the addition of the other noted names in American literature that begin with the same letter? Why omit Habberton, Hale, Haliburn, Mary Hallock (Foote), Halpine, 'Gail Hamilton,' Wm. A. Hammond, 'Marion Harland,' A. S. Hardy, Harris, Miriam Coles Harris (author of 'Rutledge'), Constance Cary Harrison, J. A. Harrison, Harte, Hay, Paul H. Hayne, Julian Hawthorne, J. T. Headley, F. H. Hedge, Wm. H. Herbert ('Frank Forrester'), Higginson, Hillard, Hodge, Frances Hodgson (Burnett), Hoffmann, Holland, Francis Hopkinson, Joseph Hopkinson, Blanche Willis Howard, Julia Ward Howe, and Frederick and Henry Hudson? We commend these thirty-two additional names to the attention of the writer of the pleasant paragraph which we have quoted.

A new edition of the Round Robin Series, in paper covers, is announced. The principal decoration of the cover will be the name of the author of the story, now to be made known officially for the first time.

While recovering from his recent attack of gout, Mr. Lowell lay on the lounge in his library and chatted with many visitors, including the Prince of Wales, Lord Granville, Sir Frederick Leighton, the Archbishop of York, ex-Minister Sargent and Mr. James R. Osgood, of Boston. The *Herald* adds the name of Mr. J. T. Fields to the list; but we hope it will be many years before Mr. Lowell will be in a position to receive a call from that old friend and once welcome visitor.

The remarkable story of the loss and reacquisition by Italy of the Italian manuscripts in the Ashburnham collection is graphically told in the *Nuova Antologia*; and a preceding number contains sympathetic articles on Heine's Memoirs and the touching story of the Princess Charlotte of England. How wonderfully changed might the destinies of England have been had Charlotte, instead of Victoria, succeeded to the throne! Prince Leopold of Belgium became as greatly beloved as Prince Albert, and Charlotte was a woman of brilliant intellect and promise.

In the August *Century* will appear the first of three papers by Mr. W. J. Stillman, recording the experiences of a successful expedition undertaken for that magazine, the object of which was to trace the wanderings of Ulysses, as described in the *Odyssey*, and to identify, as far as possible, the localities visited by the Ithacan king.

Messrs. Sypher & Co., we understand, propose to add old books to their other antiquities. The new department will be presided over by Mr. J. O. Wright, late of John Wiley's Sons.

'Mr. Elliot Stock,' says *The Academy*, 'has two fresh facsimile reprints in course of production—the first editions of "The Vicar of Wakefield" and "Rasselas." The former will be issued very shortly. A limited number of copies will be bound in wood taken from the panels of the dining-room of Dolly's Chop House—one of the haunts of Goldsmith, Garrick, and Johnson—when that tavern was recently pulled down.'

The Leigh Court collection of paintings was sold at auction in London on Friday of last week. The highest prices were fetched by the following paintings: 'The Sacrifice to Apollo,' by Claude Lorraine, \$40,450; 'The Landing of Æneas,' by Claude Lorraine, \$20,000; 'The Holy Family,' by Murillo, \$16,000; 'The Woman Taken in Adultery,' by Rubens, \$10,000; 'The Conversion of St. Paul,' by Rubens, \$20,000; 'Venus and Adonis,' by Titian, \$9,000. The total receipts exceeded \$250,000.

Under the title of the New York Music Festival Association of the Oratorio and Symphony Societies, a society has just been organized and incorporated whose object is to give music festivals in this city on a large scale and at regular intervals. The President of the Association is Assistant Bishop Potter, and the Musical Director Dr. Leopold Damrosch.

Mr. Adams's 'Brief Handbook of English Authors,' noticed in our last number, is published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The fifty-fifth annual meeting of the American Institute of Instruction will be held at Cottage City, Martha's Vineyard, on July 7, 8, 9 and 10. Practical questions will be discussed—text-books and oral instruction, industrial training, how to teach morals, how to teach the English language, how to teach citizenship, geography, natural history, etc. Gov. Robinson, ex-Gov. Chamberlain, State Supt. Patterson of New Hampshire, State Supt. Dickinson of Massachusetts, Dr. Wm. T. Harris, Dr. G. Stanley Hall, Pres. Buckham, Rev. Dr. Duryea, Gen. Eaton, Prof. A. S. Hill, Prof. C. T. Winchester, and other distinguished educators will deliver addresses.

The annual trade-sale at Messrs Leavitt's book-trade sale-rooms will begin about the middle of September.

Of Professor Jebb's recent oration before the Phi Beta Kappa at Harvard, the *Tribune* speaks very highly. It was recognized, it says, as 'a most important production, original in its point of view of the life of the Greeks, and unapproachable by even Boston scholarship in profundity and accuracy of learning. The eminent professor is not an imposing figure to look upon. His pronunciation is almost unintelligible to ears unfamiliar with British dialect, and his delivery is as bad as possible. Nevertheless his correlation of the Greek oracles and plays with modern newspapers and reviews, as organs of public opinion, will be the event of this year's Harvard Commencement. It was expected that he might defend the study of Greek, but he did not deign to recognize that question.'

The scene of 'A New England Winter,' the two-part story, by Henry James, which will be begun in the *August Century*, is laid in Boston, the heroine being a Brooklyn girl, and the hero a Boston artist just returned from Europe.

'The Dominion of Canada' and 'The Administrations of Taylor and Fillmore' are the topics in the June *Monthly Reference Lists*.

The July *Magazine of American History* contains a number of valuable articles, the most popular in character being an illustrated paper on the Schuyler house at Albany—an historic mansion that is now for sale 'to manufacturers,' and 'will be divided to suit purchasers.' The magazine has made an immense stride in popularity and value since it came under the editorial direction of Mrs. Lamb.

Amongst the new instructors of the Art Students' League, whose classes will reopen in October, are Kenyon Cox, F. W. Freer, J. Alden Weir and Francis C. Jones.

The six cycles of Swedish historical romances known as 'The Surgeon's Stories' are brought to a close with 'Times of Alchemy.' (Jansen, McClurg & Co.) There has been an increasing tendency toward the story element, and in the present volume various loose threads are gathered together again, the king's ring having its due share with other superstitions. The most interesting of the series was 'The Times of Linnæus.'

On Friday last, the people of Hamelin, in Brunswick, Germany, celebrated the six-hundredth anniversary of the charming of the children of Hamelin by the Pied Piper. The principal event of the day was the procession after the general assemblage at 2 o'clock in front of the 'Old House.' This edifice bears on its outer wall an inscription stating that the Rattenfaenger von Hamelin, who lived in that same house, performed the acts recounted in Browning's poem, 'The Pied Piper.' To the assembled thousands the legend was then recited; then hundreds of children, dressed in costumes of the Thirteenth Century, marched away, following the strains of the ancient pipe, to the spot on the Koppelberg, whither the legend declares the Piper disappeared with those who followed him. Behind the children followed chariots drawn by mettled horses, after the style of the rude vehicles of the Pied Piper's time. Knights in armor, men in long hose and buff gherkins, women in graceful robes, and all the handicraftsmen of that ancient time, wielding their primitive tools, made up the rest of the pageant. The leading authorities of the town all had conspicuous positions in the procession, and the brilliantly uniformed military of the province added their presence to the spectacular display. The children were escorted back to town again by bands of music.

The Free Parliament.

[Communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

QUESTIONS.

No. 730.—I should like to know where I can find a story published some years ago, in some paper or magazine the name of which I have forgotten, relating to the experiences of a nephew on a visit to his old uncle who had gone mad over Scott's novels, and christened all his servants by the names of characters in the novels. His niece, whose name was Emily, was called under this new arrangement Amy Robsart, and the dairy-maid, Rowena, while the butler was required to answer when addressed as Caleb. It was very amusing, and well written, but I am unable to recall any other clew to the story.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

E. B. A.

No. 731.—Can you recommend a good pocket-dictionary?
NEW YORK CITY.
[Worcester's is good (J. B. Lippincott & Co., 56 cts.); so is Webster's (Ivson, Blakeman, Taylor & Co., 66 cts.); and so is the National Standard Dictionary (A. L. Burt, \$1), though the last named is almost too large to be called a pocket-dictionary.]

CHARLES THOMPSON.

No. 732.—Is Lord Hervey's volume of 'Memoirs of the Court of George II.' still in print?

3 HOLYOKE HOUSE, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

G. B. S.

[No; it is out of print and very scarce. It was published by Murray, in 1848, and is worth about \$25. Scribner & Welford, or some other importers, might perhaps get you a copy of it in London.]

No. 733.—I should like to hear from persons having copies of the following books, if they are willing to dispose of them: Lee's 'Huguenots in France,' Peyrat's 'Pastors in the Wilderness,' M. Wilks's 'Protest of the South of France,' 'French Protestantism, or Revocation of the Edict of Nantes,' D. C. A. Agnew's 'Protestant Exiles from France in the Reign of Louis XIV., or the Huguenot Refugees and Their Descendants in Great Britain and Ireland,' 'Huguenots, or Reformed French Church,' 'Remarks on the Huguenot Settlements of New England,' by J. M. Barton; 'Remarks on the Huguenots of New England,' by C. Folsom.

EXETER, N. H.

CHARLES MARSEILLES.

No. 734.—Can any one point out the origin of these lines?

In ancient story we are told
That Midas' touch turned everything to gold;
But we to-day a stranger thing behold:
Men turn to anything when touched with gold.

NEW YORK CITY.

H. C.

No. 735.—Without pretensions to literature I have come across the following parallel passages: The last lines of Byron's *Monody* on the death of Sheridan:

Sighing—that Nature form'd but one such man,
And broke the die, in moulding Sheridan.

Goethe writes of Louis XIV.: 'Nature produc'd this consummate specimen of the monarchical type of man, and in so doing exhausted herself and broke the mould.' In the history of Greece, it is said of the poet Aristophanes: 'Nature made but one such man, and broke the mould in which he was cast.' Can the series be readily extended?

SAINT DENIS, MD.

JAMES HALL.

[No doubt the list might be indefinitely lengthened by any one having the necessary leisure and inclination.]

ANSWERS.

No. 699.—A letter to Mr. J. T. Willing, from the author of 'My Creed,' is lying at this office. It will be forwarded on receipt of his address. A correspondent sends us a copy of the *Boston Journal* of a year or two ago, containing two sonnets, the first of which is closely modelled on the poem named above.

No. 717.—Since sending you the question bearing this number I have myself happened on the source of one of the quotations. Instead of reading as I wrote it, it is

The pine-tree dreameth of the palm,
The palm-tree of the pine.

It occurs in Lord Houghton's 'The Palm-tree and the Pine,' which is printed in Trench's 'Household Book of Poetry.' The first line of the quotation from Sir John Davies should be: 'And the great mocking master mocked not then,' etc., instead of 'them not,' as printed.

COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA.

C. N.

ACCIDENTS WILL HAPPEN, and as often to those who refuse to contemplate their possibility as to those who know they are probable and therefore provide against them. The ostrich policy of shutting one's eyes and refusing to face the inevitable is unworthy a man; the sensible and rational way is to acknowledge their likelihood, and provide for self and family by a policy in *THE TRAVELERS*, of Hartford, Conn., which will grant weekly indemnity for disabling injury, and guarantee principal sum in case of death.